

with Tommy, whose home is in quite a different direction from his own.

And he did it all with a cheeriness that was beautiful to see. When the potatoes were safely deposited at Tommy's house, and Ted had started again for his home, it seemed wonderful how really pleasant even the rain seemed, and there was a kind of song in his heart that kept time with the patter of the raindrops.

"I did that little bit of an errand for Christ's sake," said Teddy to himself, as he turned in at his own gate, "and it was pleasant."—*Christian Observer*.

A LESSON FROM A LILY.

At a teachers' convention lately, a lady, in speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of pupils, told a pretty story of an occurrence which took place in New York. This is the story as told by the "News Tribune."

"Into a school made up chiefly of children from the slums the teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered about the pure, waxy blossom in great delight.

"One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dirty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water.

"As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she suddenly turned and ran down stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction.

"It would seem," continued Mrs. Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Did not this have an elevating, refining effect on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the school room."—*Exchange*.

THE BABY'S FRIEND.

One evening in New York a policeman was strolling along one of the upper West Side streets not far from a stone yard. Presently a dog ran toward the policeman, barking as if for aid. The policeman was quite struck with the way in which the dog would give his bark and then bound back into the yard. He decided at last that he would see what the dog was trying to do. He followed him into the yard, and on the ground was a little white bundle. The policeman struck a match, and

the little white bundle proved to be a baby. The policeman picked it up, almost afraid that the dog would bite him, but instead he wagged his tail and gave every evidence of being quite pleased at the policeman's act. The dog trotted along by the side of the policeman until the latter went into the station house. When the policeman stopped, the dog wagged his tail and looked up into his face. When the policeman went into the station house the dog followed him, seemingly listened to what was said, and when the door was opened walked out. Evidently the little baby was a stranger to the dog. He had found it in this lonely place and then done what he could to have the baby cared for. The policeman says that this is just a common street dog—probably one of the kind that *naughty boys would think it great fun to tease*, and to tie a tin pail to his tail and send him down the street. But this dog was a real hero, and showed himself much more human than the boys who delight to torment him.—*Selected*.

The Christian Life.

CHRIST'S APPEAL.

At the gate of thy heart, I meekly stand,
Pleading for love by My pierced hand,
How long, how long, must I stand and wait
For gentle love to open the gate?

Is there no place, no room for Me,
Where I can come and bide with thee,
And live within thy heart's embrace,
And succor thee, and give thee grace?

O child of Mine, thy time is brief,
I come to thee to calm thy grief,
And beg that thou with gentle love,
Wilt welcome Me from God above.

I come to thee, O child of Mine,
With heart of love and soul divine,
To dwell within thy heart's abode,
And lift from thee life's heavy load.

I stand without thy gate and knock,
And offer shelter by that rock;
Where I, thy Savior, died for thee,
O child of Mine, pray welcome Me!

—*Jean Hooper Page*.

THE PRAYERS OF A GOOD WOMAN.

Living in one of the towns of a Western State was an excellent Christian woman, who had a drunken infidel husband, for whom she had long prayed. So mean and wicked was he that he would never allow her to mention Christianity in the house, and often abused her.

An evangelist had been holding a meeting in the town, and the last night had come. Repeatedly this little Christian woman had been to the altar praying for this ungodly and unbelieving husband. On this night in question, she was again there, and realizing what it meant for the

meeting to close, appealed publicly to the evangelist not to discontinue the services. Immediately, in the rear of the house, a man arose, a drayman in the town, who had been wicked, and made this statement:

"Last night I was passing a certain house in this town, and as I was near the fence, a voice attracted my attention out in the yard. Stopping I heard a woman praying for her wicked, wicked husband, who was at that time drunk and had driven her from the house. Immediately I fell on my knees. I had never prayed before but I commenced to cry to God for mercy, and he spoke peace to my soul. That woman is she who has just spoken, and her praying woke me up, and I am saved."

While he was speaking, and as he sat down, the sound of footsteps on the pavement, as a man running, was heard; and immediately in rushed a man in distress of mind, who immediately passed up the aisle and begged the people to pray for him. It was the infidel husband of the little praying woman.

Prayer had at last prevailed. Importunity in prayer had won her husband at the last moment, and saved another big sinner for good measure.—*Cassius in Way of Faith*.

THE MINISTRY OF THE FLOWERS.

Among the best gifts of God to us are the flowers which blossom in woods and fields and gardens so luxuriantly these sunny days. Of late years their ministry in the moral and spiritual realm is recognized in a way unthought of heretofore. We are finding out that God can speak through a flower, that love may find its expression, that hope and courage may be inspired through its beauty and fragrance. We are learning that God made them not only for the pleasure of the physical sense, but more for the sense of the soul within. It is a dull heart which does not thrill with the consciousness of God in the midst of the beauty and bloom of these June days. Not many days ago a lady was sitting alone, quite on the verge of low spirits, threatened with an unwonted attack of loneliness. A friend appeared at her door with an armful of apple blossoms. Such glorious blossoms, so dainty, so beautiful, so fragrant! Good cheer could but come with them, and still more with the kind thought of the friend who brought them.

Coming into the city the other day, we met a friend carrying a box full of violets, buttercups and other such blossoms fresh from the roadsides of the country. The flowers were tied up in little bunches ready for distribution. "I carry some with me every time I come to town," she exclaimed, "and I give them to the